

WE PLEASE BRAZIL'S PRINCES

NO CITY LIKE NEW YORK, NO FINER LAND THAN THIS.

They Have Had Such a Good Time During Their Stay Here That They Are Coming Back—Their Views of What They Have Seen in Places Only Read About.

Louis Marie Philippe and Antoine Gaston Philippe François d'Assise Marie Michel Gabriel Raphael Gonzaga, Princes of Orleans, sons of Prince Louis Philippe Gaston, Comte d'Eu, and Isabella, Princess de Bragança and daughter of Dom Pedro, late Emperor of Brazil, got back to New York yesterday after a trip through New England and the West and put up at the Hotel Algonquin, in West Forty-fourth street. They have been in this country about three months and in that time have visited Boston, Lenox, Newport, Chicago, St. Louis and Philadelphia.

Yesterday afternoon they told a composite story to a six reporter of what they have seen and how they like it. "My, but we have had a fine time," said Prince Louis, the elder of the brothers. "and we have been treated handsomely by your people. You Americans are so cordial, so courteous and so hospitable."

"All very far superior," chimed in Prince Antoine. "America is a great country," continued Prince Louis, "but of all the cities we have visited we like New York best. It is like several great European cities rolled into one. For instance, up in this part of the town and along Fifth avenue and immediately east of it, where the rich people live, it reminds us of London and Hyde Park, without our having to come here to find that any part of America, much less New York, could be so delightfully quiet."

"Down town, in the great business centers, it is unlike anything we have ever seen abroad. It is just New York. Along upper Broadway, in what, I believe, you call the shop district, the streets, the shops and the buildings are not like Paris at all. We have thought about it a great deal and have concluded that there is more life in London than any European city we know."

"We have been asked what we think of your tall buildings and all that. They didn't surprise us in the least. You know, everybody in the European capitals reads a great deal about New York and my brother and I read so much before we came here that we had a fairly accurate picture of the city in our own minds. We even knew the names of many of your principal streets and the directions in which they run."

"There was one thing, though, that surprised us most agreeably. We had heard before coming here that America was very rich and that it was a very rich country. We have found it quite the contrary. Generally speaking, we have had to pay no more for things in this country than we do in Vienna, in Paris or in London—except for cabs. Your cab tariff does seem high to a European."

"Take your theatres as an example. It costs practically the same to occupy a seat in the orchestra here as it does in Paris, Vienna or London. The New York theatres are about the same as those of London, much finer than those of Paris and not nearly so good as those of Vienna. A man can get much more of what you call elbow room in a Vienna theatre than he can in a playhouse in New York, but I realize that and is not so dear in Vienna as it is here."

"As for the performances, we have nothing anywhere in Europe so delightful, light and amusing as we find in the theatres of New York. We go in for heavier things on the other side. If Europe wants to be amused, it must come to New York. And the American stage girls! Why, there are none in all Europe to compare with them. They are lovely."

"We haven't tried the new subway yet, but we are going to. We know something of subway travelling, however, because we have tried it in Paris and in London. London underground, of course, is much finer than here because it is newer. Your electric cars and your elevated, however, are splendidly run and equipped."

"We went from here to Lenox and had a delightful quiet time. It is a beautiful country, and we shall have to remember its beauties. We were late for the Newport season, but we enjoyed ourselves there. There are many resorts in Europe with the beach and the sea and the bathing, but there are none where there are so many more than fine country houses. Boston is a fine city, with an atmosphere that seemed to us to be the best of the people seem older there, somehow, than in other cities we have visited, and the Bostonians seem very much older than the people of Chicago, in fact, and bustling, but it appealed to us less than either New York, Boston or Philadelphia. We were there for the horse show, and a fine show it was."

"Yes, said Prince Antoine, "we saw there the American harness horse on his native heath, and we shall have to remember the American harness horse, too. We know we have been importing American harness horses to Austria, and trotting races, American style, are a feature of our sport."

"We found it rather hard," resumed Prince Louis, "getting on in Chicago. Somehow, we couldn't well understand the peculiarities of that city, the peculiarities of the streets and the hotels. They use so many Americanisms there—that you can't understand it. They are difficult, your Americans."

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NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Seventh Page.

"The Island of Tranquil Delights" (Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston) gives us some more picturesque sketches that are almost stories, with a few that are very good indeed. They have humor, and sympathy for the natives, and plenty of scorn for some white men's doings, with many charming descriptions. Two exquisite little photographs adorn a pretty gotten up little volume.

Pleasant are the recollections that Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis has written down in "Bits of Comedy" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). They are extremely desultory and the author evidently strives to keep them as far as possible from becoming formal memories, but they contain charming pictures of the days before the war, of Boston in the sixties, when it felt that it was really the hub of the literary universe, and of the war times, with anecdotes or glimpses of many celebrated people that the author has met in the course of her long life.

Half a dozen essays of Mr. Bliss Perry, chiefly Atlantic Monthly articles, are collected under the title of the first paper, "The Amateur Spirit" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Four deal in a way with college matters, one is on Hawthorne, the last a revery on "Fishing With a Worm." They are pleasant essays, a trifle despondent perhaps, and reflecting the environments that gave birth to "anti-imperialism."

The volume of essays by Mr. Hamilton Wright Mable entitled "Nature and Culture" is published by Dodd, Mead & Co. in a handsome holiday edition. It is beautifully illustrated with splendid photographs from nature by Mr. Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.

Is the potter's wheel to stand beside the spinning wheel in the modern home? Mrs. Mary White's ethnological studies have led her through bead work and basket making to pottery, and in "How to Make Pottery" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) she describes the process in the same clear, practical manner that marked her previous books. It seems such a simple and easy thing to do, as you read, and certainly the difficulties are cleared out of the way, but we fancy the amateur will discover that hard work and some artistic taste are needed to produce satisfactory results. There is a short chapter on Indian and another on modern American pottery. The illustrations are just what are needed.

"The Art Crafts for Beginners" (The Century Co.) must be to give a survey of the many things that can be done, with perhaps a taste of trying to do them. In a little over 250 small pages he undertakes to describe and to teach woodworking, pyrography, sheet metal work, leather work, book binding, pottery, basketry and bead work, besides laying down the principles of design. There is enough here to start an intelligent person in any of these crafts, perhaps, but how much more he will have to learn before he can accomplish anything.

Many ingenious things that girls can make with simple materials and many games that should amuse them are described in "Indicible and Recreation for Girls" by Lina Board and Adella B. Beard (Charles Scribner's Sons). The subjects range from hand weaving and spinning to straw rides and paper chases across country. The object is to amuse, or at most to keep young people out of the mischief that is provided for idle hands by somebody, and not to instruct. The book will be welcome wherever there are girls.

"The Story of Andrea," by Karin Michaelis, translated from the Danish by John Nelson Laurick and published by McClure, Phillips & Co., is a painfully morbid story of a very unfortunate little girl, which no other little girl should ever be allowed to read, although the author is a famous one and the book is pronounced a masterpiece in Denmark and Germany, where it has made a great sensation. The child in the story is desperately ill and knows that she is going to die. She knows, too, that her mother and father do not live happily together as married people should, and a great many other things she has noticed and worried about that children are not supposed to understand, and she is much happier if they do not find out. Her one great longing is to bring about a reconciliation between her estranged parents, and she accomplishes it by means of her little diary, which they read after her death. But it is a very miserable sort of making up and not worth the agony the little girl has endured for the sake of it.

"The Book of Realistic" is a book of style—in fact, too realistic. It has touches of quaint humor and bits of pathos, but the amusing parts are saddest and the pathos is of that distressing kind which appeals best to the people whose nerves are well padded with tissue and whose emotions are not too exhausted with exercise. There is a sickening Italian flavor about all that renders the reading of it much like looking on at the vivisection of a rabbit for pleasure. There are, no doubt, misnamed married people who ought to study Andrea's diary, but if they are as badly off as that their case is hopeless and there is no use in prolonging the torture by further treatment.

"The Story of Salt," by Howard R. Gane (Little, Brown & Co.), is a wholesome tale for boys, told for the most part in the homely but comprehensible dialect of central New York. The scene is laid near Syracuse and the plot turns upon the discovery of a salt well on the farm where Roger Anderson, a city boy, is staying for his health.

The scheme of the surveyors who try to get possession of the land for a small amount before their secret is discovered is foiled by the quickness and cleverness of the city boy. He is a very good sort of a boy, even if he is from the city, and seems more excited over "throwing" the country boy fairly in a "trick" than over his more improbable skill in outwitting the surveyors. The author has arranged a succession of adventures for the lad with bears, wildcats, etc., which every boy will recognize at once as too good to be true; but they are interesting to read about and will not do any special harm unless they make the reader discontented with his own experiences in country and humdrum life. Incidentally a good deal of information is smuggled in concerning the salt industry, which a boy will not object to, since it is never intruded at crucial moments.

A Story About Squirrels. Readers who are familiar with the romance of "Mr. Chupus and Miss Jenny," which Ernest Seton-Thompson pronounced a valuable study in bird psychology as well as a charming story, will welcome the new book by the same author, Miss Edie Bigelow, which is published by the Baker and Taylor Co. under the title of "A Quintette of Greycoats" and talks of the affairs of five grey squirrels who lived for a time in the author's study. There was in the forest outside a colony of red squirrels who died at the table d'hôte on the study window sill.

Fascinating little creatures they were—"Madame Joli Quene" and her meek consort "Rufus," the "robber baron" who lived in a stronghold and obtained his supplies in the medieval way by levying tribute upon the passersby, the little Princess in the tower—and the rest. Into this peccolite world it was decided to introduce some aristocratic grey squirrels, and thereby to hang the tale—a tale not lacking in adventure, comedy nor sadness and culminating in real tragedy when kind friends arranged to surprise "Little Man" with a bride as a Christmas gift. "Little Man" was a grey squirrel who dwelt alone in the study and was happy until the bride and her attendants arrived. They buried him under the greenest tree not long afterward. As for what happened between, it is all told in the book with exquisite sympathy and delicate pathos. The bride was named Zantippe.

Science and Religion. For all of that large number of readers to whom the question of the soul's existence is of vital interest, Mr. Orlando J. Smith's "Balance: The Fundamental Verity" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) presents an argument in the affirmative interesting and well carried out. Accepting the theory of the indestructibility of matter as it is held by scientific men, Mr. Smith applies it to the phenomena of the spiritual world and defends his position by clear English and with appropriate illustrative examples, such as the permanence of Long Island in spite of the sea's attacks. His manuscript was submitted to a number of students of philosophy and theology previous to its publication, and their comments upon it, with Mr. Smith's answers thereto, are printed as an appendix to the book. The arguments are sound and direct, and the reader unversed in the problem discussed will not be puzzled or thwarted by words or phrases beyond his comprehension.

Fiction. A fine story of life on the desolate northern coast is told by Mr. Norman Duncan in "Doctor Lake of the Labrador" (Fleming H. Revell Company), a story of storms on the water and the fight against famine and cold on land. The fisherfolk with their bravery and patient endurance, their superstitions and odd ways are made very attractive. They are living beings. The boy who tells the story is a fine fellow if he does talk dialect at times, his people who, while he is taken almost as a matter of course. There are humorous incidents, too, that lighten the story. It is good work.

Did Robert W. Chambers get from Lahiche the idea of the story that gives the title to "A Young Man in a Hurry" (Harpers). If he has made it wholly his own by a thorough Americanization, though the incidents are so improbable and absurd as those in the French farce. The nine other stories in the volume are excellent and thoroughly enjoyable. There is fun in most of them, almost a distinctive mark in this age of soul problems, and there is love in all.

An idyl of the woods, a somewhat stagey idyll perhaps, is what Mr. Gene Stratton-Porter offers in "Freckles" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Through the medium of a young girl, there is a freshness and delight in the description of the maiden young hero and the capable young woman who captivates him that will make the reader close his eyes to glaring improbability. Some of the minor chapters are fairly natural. We don't feel quite sure of the genuineness of the tree and bird talk, though it is often pretty, and the use of worn-out melodramatic situations in a way that makes us almost suspect that he is poking fun at his reader. The end picture favors. Yet the book is thoroughly readable and holds the attention with all its many faults.

Tom Courtland explains on the first page of "Double Harness" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), through the medium of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, that his married career is worth a page of strong and indelicate swearing. Mr. Courtland tells this to Grantley Inman, who has "just got engaged." Lady Harriet Courtland's temper was not good. She lifted her daughter Sophy in the air and threw her "violently" down, the child's head striking the fence. Her husband was killed, but it was not Lady Harriet's fault. Lady Harriet was a woman of spirit and action, and she wondered why her children loved their father, and as Sophy told her, "hated her." A good sample of Mr. Hawkins's work, with modern characters as his puppets.

Love and fighting and rivalries of various kinds fill the pages of "Delusion" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), with incident enough to satisfy the most exacting reader. W. F. Payson, the author, chooses the days of the French possession of Canada as the time of his story, and Louis le Debonnaire.

"Captain of Castles—Saliera," Singer of castles and devil may care—lover of life—the world is his, and his love affairs with his cousin, Renée de Cadillac, as his reason. The tale unfolds pleasantly, with singing, drinking and love-making to bear it along.

Other Books.

Though the title arouses unfulfilled expectations, for the book deals with personal matters and with other parts of Italy as much as with Rome, Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott's "Roma Beata" (Little, Brown & Co.), the record of a six years stay in Italy, will give pleasure and entertainment to all who have visited that country. The daughter of a London banker, she was married to Marion Crawford, with countless Bostonian connections in literature and art. Mrs. Elliott, or Miss Maud Howe, as she seems to prefer to call herself still on title pages, had unusual opportunities of meeting well known people, Italians of all degrees and expatriated Americans, and she has much to say about them. She also kept house in Rome and received many curious bits of domestic life and traits of the humbler people. We should have expected fewer blunders in the Italian phrases from one who lived so long in Rome; or who she does not mention, and the element of price weighs on her throughout, though she does not give enough details to guide anybody else. The summer cost her \$200 less than she expected, but she thinks that on a more modest scale, for persons knowing the country and the language, it can be had for \$700 might suffice. We fancy that there are many American women who, placed in like circumstances, would find it difficult to spend that amount of money in three months.

Five short biographical essays on artists of very different gifts have been written by Miss Marie Van Vorst under the title "The French Masters" (Brentano's). The artists are Purvis de Chavannes, Caric and Bernard, the painters; Rodin, the sculptor, and Steinlen of the posters. The articles are illustrated with portraits and with many reproductions of the works of the artists.

been learned more easily by an experienced newspaper man and that many things that seem wrong to him depend on a wrong point of view. For instance, the discovery of the game of mora, which is common among Italians, might have been forestalled by a glance at the newboys in Frankfurt street, and that of the existence of many dialects of Italian might well have proceeded the undertaking of the task. The discomforts of the storage, too, must have seemed much greater to one of the author's standard of living than to the mass of legitimate storage passengers, while the routine at Ellis Island is perhaps as business-like a way of dealing with an awkward task as can be devised. We imagine, too, that he is too free in his generalization in attacking the steamship company. Mr. Brandenburg's statements would have more value if he had been more conversant with the language, if he had known more about Italians, and if he had not embarked on his enterprise avowedly for no reason than to see how he could make a few interesting experiences and undoubtedly come back from his trip knowing a lot more than when he set out.

A queer book of reminiscences has been put together by Capt. Nathan Appleton of Boston in "Russian Life and Society" (Wood & Co.). In it is an account of a trip taken by the author and the late Charles Longfellow in 1880. Interspersed, however, are recollections of the civil war, of other European experiences, of various distinguished persons known by the author, with discussions of every sort. Much of the matter is made up of letters of the Appleton family. It is a very interesting miscellany, but the reader must have patience in bringing it into order.

Attractive as is the volume on "Further India" by Hugh Clifford, of the "Story of Exploration" series (Frederick A. Stokes Company), the interest is mainly in the account of the countries included in it, Burma, Siam, Cambodia, Malaya and so on. There is a big jump from the traditional and medieval accounts to the explorations of very recent travelers.

Another pleasant volume of essays on natural history by John Burroughs, is published with the title "Far and Near," by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. A good portion is taken up by the story of the Harriman expedition to Alaska that appeared in the report of that trip. One essay, describing a visit to Jamaica, and called "A Lost February" is new.

Sir Henry Seton-Karr, M. P. in "My Sporting Holidays" (Edward Arnold, London), divides his very pleasant recollections pretty impartially between Norway and America. He has much to say about deer and elk shooting in the former land and about hunting for all kinds of big game in the latter, and so on in the United States and the Canadian Rockies. Salmon and trout fishing, too, he has to tell about, and he gives his opinion about sporting rifles at the end. An entertaining book with good illustrations.

The years 1820-1821 are covered by vol. XIX of "The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898," edited by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson (The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland). Besides other documents this volume includes a long and interesting report made to Philip III. by Hernando de los Rios Coronel. The diligence of the editors and the enterprise of the publishers of this monumental work are equally admirable.

Some magazine work of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is reprinted as "Old Love Stories Retold" (The Baker and Taylor Co.). Two unpublished pieces on "Abelard and Heloise" and "Keats and Fanny Brawne" are added. That Dante and Beatrice or Auccassin and Nicolette should pass through Mr. Le Gallienne's hands may be irritating to some, but the author has an audience that enjoys his piping. The articles are illustrated.

Letters relating to music that were written home by Mrs. Nelly Gore, who was murdered by a Russian singer in Paris two years ago, are published with the title "Your Loving Nell," by the Funk & Wagnalls Co. Mrs. Gore studied piano playing in Vienna under Leschetzki and in Paris under Moezowski, so that her letters are full of interesting details of musical life. Though we can sympathize with the editor's desire to save the personality of her friend from oblivion, we think it would have been more advisable to eliminate much of the personal matters in the letters, and not to try to turn the unfortunate woman into another Marie Bashkirtseff.

Mr. Russell Sturgis follows up with "The Appreciation of Sculpture," The Baker and Taylor Co.'s former book, "The Appreciation of Architecture." His remarks are entertaining and suggestive, and will help the reader toward forming opinions of his own concerning sculpture. Mr. Sturgis, however, is an architect and cannot help looking at sculpture from the point of view of decoration. That explains some of the pictures in the book, and possibly the author's inclination to some of his judgments.

The share of the book devoted to modern sculpture may seem disproportionate and the praise of living American sculptors perhaps a trifle excessive. We are not sure, however, but that from the standpoint of instruction Mr. Sturgis is right, for originals that are hard to come by are more easily known only from casts or pictures. The book is illustrated with many photographs.

A rather interesting experiment, that may find imitators and probably is itself not original, is described in "A Transplanted Nursery" by Martha Keon (The Century Co.). The narrator decided to hit two birds with one stone in her summer vacation, to enjoy the seaside and to visit strange lands, learning what French she could by the way. So she crossed the ocean with her three little boys and their nurse, hired a furnished house in a little village back of Dinard on the Breton coast and tried French housekeeping for three months. Her experiences are told in letters home, and proceed satisfactory save the matter of French. Unluckily she determined that the trip should not cost more than a sum which she does not mention, and the element of price weighs on her throughout, though she does not give enough details to guide anybody else. The summer cost her \$200 less than she expected, but she thinks that on a more modest scale, for persons knowing the country and the language, it can be had for \$700 might suffice. We fancy that there are many American women who, placed in like circumstances, would find it difficult to spend that amount of money in three months.

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the months of his engagement twice crossed the desert from Baghdad to Egypt. The account of his experiences, therefore "By Nile and Euphrates" (T. and T. Clark; Charles Scribner's Sons), deals chiefly with externals, the appearance of the country, the ways of the people, the petty incidents of travel, matters that are usually left out in official reports but which have an interest of their own. Mr. Geare's tone is very jaunty; it gives the impression of extreme youth, but he is entertaining and talks of places outside the common beat of travel.

Europe has been described in many ways. In "Mammy" (Mongel's Wild Nations of Europe), by Ruthella Mory Bibbins (Frederick A. Stokes Company), we are invited to view it through the eyes of a colored nurse. That, of course, implies enjoying negro dialect for 300 pages. Even Pomona palled after two or three episodes, and we fear the reader of this book had better interpose periods of rest between the chapters. Save for a dash to Paris, the journey is restricted to British soil and the vision of a series of travel books about "Mammy" looms black before us.

We imagined that the use of toasts at banquets was limited to the decoration of the bill of fare, but it will not be the fault of the publishers if the old custom is not revived. To several convivial anthologies that have passed through our hands of late must be added "Toasts and Tributes," by Arthur Gray (Rohde & Haskins, New York). This contains sentiments in prose and verse suited to many occasions, some written especially for this collection. From the bibulous standpoint we should judge that some of the poems are too long for practical use. No better service could be done to the cause of temperance than by reciting one of Mr. F. S. Salus's many sonnets between drinks.

One of Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton's sentimental nature tales, "Monarch, the Big Bear of Taliaferro," is published in holiday garb by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is a very pretty little book, and is illustrated with 100 pictures by the author, most of which are decorative sketches on the margins, but some are full page pictures. An old fashioned art book by an old fashioned writer is Sarah Tylor's "The Old Masters and Their Pictures" (Little, Brown & Co.). Little of the newer higher criticism will be found in it, and even the illustrations are of pictures which it used to be the fashion to admire as beautiful. We fancy that it will prove attractive to many conservative people who would be sorry not to have known the things that they are now told they must unlearn.

Descriptive articles about a trip through the Sierras of California, in which personal experiences are intermingled with useful, didactic instruction for the prospective camper and mountaineer, make up Mr. Stewart Edward White's "The Mountains" (McClure, Phillips & Co.). Mr. White is worthy of attention when he deals with outdoor life, but we cannot say that he is as successful in abstract praise of nature or even in the narration of actual events, as he has been in the brilliant picture he has drawn in his "fiction." There he holds his readers fast and compels them to feel something of the wonders he describes. This book will be read with respect and attention, but hardly with enthusiasm.

Two books dealing with the famous Charter Oak reach us together. One is by that proved lover of Connecticut, Mr. W. H. Goehner, and is chiefly historical and antiquarian. It is called "Wadsworth, or the Charter Oak" (W. H. Goehner, Hartford, Conn.). Though the author chooses to mix fancy with fact in the chapters called "Memories," the other papers are purely historical and deal in attractive fashion with the Charter Oak, Charles II's Royal Oak, the Connecticut Charter, the story of its hiding and the relics of Joseph Wadsworth. It embraces everything relating to as romantic an episode as our history can show. The book is dedicated to the memory of the Symbol of the Land of Strady Habits, and has many appropriate illustrations.

The other deals with the same matters in the guise of historical fiction. It is a new edition of Dr. William Seton's "The Romance of the Charter Oak" (O'Brien & Co., New York), written in the days when Hawthorne was a model for New England romancers, and Walter Scott was not forgotten. The story of 1870 does not suffer by comparison with that of 1804.

Books Received. "The National Bank Act" John M. Gault (Little, Brown & Co.). "The Place of My Desire and Other Poems" Edith Cady Sanford. (Little, Brown & Co.). "The Wolverine" Arthur Lathrop Lawrence. (Little, Brown & Co.). "The Shadow" Richard Le Gallienne. (Little, Brown & Co.). "Lullaby and Other Poems" Blanche MacManis. (Little, Brown & Co.). "George Elton" Mathilde Blund. (Little, Brown & Co.). "Wellington" William O'Connor Morris. (G. P. Putnam's Sons). "What Paul Did" Elizabeth Bruce Barry. (Dana Estes & Co.). "Teddies and Toppers" Stewart D. Lisle. (Henry Holt & Co., Philadelphia).

"Samantha at the St. Louis Exposition" Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott. (G. P. Putnam's Sons). "A Corner in Gold and Our Money Lava" O. S. King & Co., London. "Saturday Night Sermons" The Rev. George Thomas Downing, D. D. (Thomas Whitaker). "Socialism" W. H. Stearns. (G. P. Putnam's Sons). "Folly for the Wise" Carolyn Wells. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis).

"The Mountaineer and the Green Mountains" James Olla. (Dana Estes & Co.). "The Life Worth While" Leigh Mitchell Redge. (Published by the author, Overbrook, Pa.). "Our Birds and Their Nestings" Margaret Coulton Walker. (American Book Company). "Cyra Graded Art Reader, Book II" Ellen M. Cyr. (Glan & Co.). "Heal Your Nervous and Power" Dudley Allen Sargent. (H. M. Caldwell Co.). "Munchausen XX." The Baron. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago).

"The Probationers' Directory, and Specification Index for 1904-05" (William T. Conzack, New York). "The Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature" Barrett Wendell. (Charles Scribner's Sons). "Corvus" The Hermit Nihilist. Seventh Edition. William Elliot Griffis. (Charles Scribner's Sons). "Rusina, What She Was and What She Is" Joseph Froelicher. (Stimpson, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., London).

"The Story of Lord Githoepe" (Frederick A. Stokes Company). "Stories of Popular Opera." H. A. Goerber. (Dodd, Mead & Co.). "Alice Adventures in Wonderland" Lewis Carroll. (Frederick A. Stokes Company). "A History of Scotland, Vol. III." Andrew Lang. (Little, Brown & Co.). "The Heart of Happy Hollow" Paul Laurence Dunbar. (Dodd, Mead & Co.). "The Belle of Bowling Green" Amelia E. Barr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.). "Famous Women" Rather Singleton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.). "As They Were and as They Should Have Been." Otto Morley. (Frederick A. Stokes Company). "Lily Gail" Paul Laurence Dunbar. (Dodd, Mead & Co.). "Love, the Way." Paul Leicester Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.). "Three Years in the Klondike." Jeremiah Lynch. (Edward Arnold, London).

"Correct Writing and Speaking" Mary A. Jordan. (A. S. Barnes & Co.). "The Writings of James Madison." Vol. V. 1787-1790. Edited by Gaillard Hunt. (G. P. Putnam's Sons). "Romantic Ireland." 3 vols. M. P. and R. McMillan. (G. P. Putnam's Sons). "The Writings of James Madison." Vol. I. Edited by J. A. Fuller-Maitland. (Macmillan & Co., New York).

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JAILED WITH MURDERERS.

What Happened to Morris Mimes Because He Ran Away From School.

Morris Mimes, a Jew of 13 years, is no longer the cell mate of Frank Rasinger, the self-confessed wife murderer, in the county jail at Bridgeport, N. J. On Oct. 12 the Mimes boy was arrested in Vineland, N. J., where he lived, for not attending school. The boy pleaded guilty, but was sent to the county jail at Bridgeport to await trial before the Juvenile Court in January.

When he got to the jail the sole inmates of the section where he was confined were two women, said to be of bad repute. Later two murderers were sent there and the boy became the cell mate of Rasinger. The stories the boy heard from the women and the murderers have in all probability left their impress on his mind to his future detriment.

When the fact became known that the boy, who is only a mischievous lad and no worse than many others of his age, was locked up with a murderer as a companion, charitable people became interested in him. The Philadelphia Society for Organized Charity, the Children's Aid Society, Vineland, N. J., and Charities, a weekly review of social reform printed in this city, began to investigate. They stirred up such a rumour that the boy was released on his own recognizance. Charities says today:

"In some States there is a law prohibiting the commitment of boys under 16 to any prison or place of confinement in company with adults charged with or convicted of crime. It is a sure prophecy that such a law will be enacted in New Jersey during the coming winter."

It is stated that the boy was sent to the jail in Vineland, N. J., for not attending school. A tremendous advance over any hospital I have ever seen," he said of it.

Rose of the World

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

A fresh, true-love story. The grown woman, married a second time and settled for life, falls passionately in love with the dream of her youth.

There are two complete stories this week that are very merry and humorous—The Fountain of Youth, by Henry Wallace Phillips, and The Enchanted Hat, by Harold MacGrath, a mix up of hats that was serious.

See this week's number of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

5 cents a copy everywhere, or mailed to any address every week for four months on receipt of only 50 cents. A weekly magazine—illustrated.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.